

BROOKLYN L'S LAST VICTIM.

A Stalwart Sailor's Body Found Under Its Structure, Dead.

He Was "William," a Seaman's Boarding-House Utility Man.

The police of Brooklyn's Twelfth Precinct are to-day investigating another mysterious death, which is attributed to the Kings County "L."

Shortly after midnight this morning Policeman Killian brought to the station-house at Atlantic and Schenectady avenues the dead body of a man, which he had found at 11.50 o'clock under the downtown station of the Kings County "L" road at Utica avenue and Fulton street.

The officer reported that the man was lying face down and his first thought was that the man was drunk.

When Killian tried to arouse him, however, he found that the man was dead.

The body was found, the shirt front was torn and blood and mud were flowing from a wound in his head that might have been made with a blunt instrument or by his head coming in contact with the pavement.

A downtown train had left the Utica avenue station only a few minutes before, and Officer Killian mentioned up the street and questioned Ticket Agent August Shurborne and Ticket Checker John McFarlane.

Neither had seen a man fall to the street, but as a man had been seen on the platform just before the train came along, they suggested that he might have tried to board the train after it started and have fallen between the tracks into the street.

The track is from fifteen to twenty feet above the street at that point, and it would have been possible for the man to have met his death in that manner.

The police propose to investigate further and will to-day send Conductor Howard and Brakeman S. Hunter, of the train that left the station just before the body was found.

The dead man was about fifty years old, five feet seven or eight inches tall, was somewhat slender and looked like a German.

He wore black coat, trousers and derby, but no vest, faced shoes, white stockings, white shirt, black necktie and gray undershirt.

On his right wrist, tattooed in India ink, were the letters "K. W. L." and in his pocket was a letter addressed to "Ernest W. Russell, 65 Broadway, New York City."

The four street police in this city were telegraphed to inquire for such a man at the given address, but were unable to find a man there by that name.

Thomas Reardon keeps a sailors' boarding-house at 800 West Street. Mrs. Reardon has an Egyptian woman, a porter this morning that a man answering the dead man's description had been a sort of housekeeper for her for the last seven months.

He was a Russian Finn and a sailor, but she never knew him by any name except "William."

She was very positive that the dead man was "William," however, from the description given by the reporter, and said that he left the house at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon with a young Russian Finn named "Ned," to visit some friends in Brooklyn.

Neither one of the men had returned this morning, and William did not come back at "Ned's" address, because he was a sailor on a pleasure yacht and liable to sail at any time, she had worried a little over "William's" absence.

She told F. Understrat, a baker at 214 How and Avenue, Brooklyn, whom and patrolman, and who is a friend and fellow-countryman of William, and who went over to Brooklyn to Tracy's morgue, 1507 Union street, to try and identify the body.

There are many Finns and Swedes in Brooklyn's Twelfth Precinct, and the police think that the dead man might be a young man who may have been drinking and become separated.

Both men were accustomed to drink, according to Mrs. Reardon.

"William" had plenty of friends in Brooklyn, but his wife and other relatives all live in the old country.

W. T. Goudale, General Manager of the Times County Elevated Railroad, said to an "Evening World" reporter this morning:

"The man lost his life through his own fault. Two men came up on the Utica avenue station shortly before the train came along. Both men appeared to be sailors, and were drunk. When the train stopped they made an attempt to get aboard, but as soon as the train began moving they ran to the rear gate on the first car and tried to get on the platform."

"The gateman did not allow them to get on one of them on the car, but the other man ran into the street, after being carried about twenty feet."

"The men were both intoxicated, and the brakeman did all in his power to save them."

BROSDY AIMS FOR THE SENATE.

He Will Contest the Seventh with Roosevelt and Harbinger.

The summer campaign is rampant in the Seventh Senate District. The defection of the Stetters from Tammany Hall has threatened the loss of the district to the organization and encourages the Republicans in the belief that they will capture it.

This coalition of affairs existing, all sorts of wires have been run, plying into combinations attempted by the factions to secure success for their respective candidates.

The latest story is that Tammany has promised not to oppose John E. Brodsky's return as Assemblyman in the Eleventh District if he will have the honor of the Tammany candidate for Senator printed on his tickets.

With the O'Brien Republicans helping, Tammany Hall hopes to elect the candidate, who will probably be Senator George F. Roosevelt, the Republican, on the other hand, have held out the olive branch to Brodsky and offer political backings.

G. O. P. fold the wickedness of John A. O'Brien, who was expelled two years ago, at the same time acknowledged Brodsky as the district leader.

Brodsky, wearing with the Republican badge, would be sure of reelection and Henry C. Batty, who would be the Republican candidate for Senator, thinks he could beat Brodsky.

In three calculations the Brodsky Association does not seem to be considered. It will have a candidate, however, in the person of the President, Julius Harrison, who, says Brodsky, will never be elected in the race.

TO GO BACK WITH REILLY.

Police Sergeant Gallagher Expects to Return to His Old Precinct.

The Police Commissioner will next to-morrow, and one of the most important lists of business is the promised return of the late Sergeant Gallagher from the First to the Fourth Precinct.

Sgt. Gallagher was attached to the Fourth Precinct when Police Commissioner Blinn, with the assistance of other Tammany leaders, attempted to expel Gallagher and his fellow officers from the precinct.

It is the belief of the Commissioner that the Gallagher and his fellow officers will be back at Fifth Street and First Avenue again to-morrow.

New York Herald has been re-established, and will be back at its old office, 100 Broadway, to-day. It is said that it will be accompanied with the old staff and will be back at Fifth Street and First Avenue again to-morrow.

SILHOUETTED BY BULLETS.

Curious Effects of a Marksman's Shots at an Envelope.

The Funny Old Man Mr. Phelps Outlined by Quick Firing.

M. R. Phelps, a retired manufacturer of clothing, paid The Evening World a call to-day with a photograph of a funny old man, which was silhouetted by him in a peculiar way.

William M. Manwaring's cozy brown-stone residence at 10 Riverside road, on the corner of the East River, and just behind the grassy slopes of Blackwell's Island, with the grim penitentiary beyond.

The Manwaring have grown wealthy in the hazy trade, but the only son and heir to the fortune of his father and grandfather, David Manwaring, a prominent lawyer, is a prisoner in the Yorkville Prison charged with the larceny of the jewelry of his aunt, heart's mother.

Young David W. Manwaring, second, is charged, while visiting his uncle, the charming brown-haired, blue-eyed daughter of Patrick H. Dwyer, a prominent lawyer, is a prisoner in the Yorkville Prison charged with the larceny of the jewelry of his aunt, heart's mother.

It was three or four days after that their home was discovered, and then David W. Dwyer told Detective Martin and his partner, that a sixty-seventh street station, that of course no suspicion rested on young Manwaring.

But Detective Martin watched the youthful lover and found that he was "flying very high" for one so young, and Friday afternoon while David was watching the bell game at the Polo field he arrested him.

April 27 Michael Conlon, private secretary to Senator Leland Stanford, of California, who was in attendance on the sale of the Senator's horses at the American Institute, fell in with a coterie of young fellows, and the result was a spree that wound up in the two men being arrested at the Institute.

Conlon parted with the last of his friends and returned to his domicile in the Glades, to awaken next day to the loss of his \$500 gold watch \$100 gold chain and \$200 in cash.

He reported his robbery to Capt. Conner, but could not furnish about the identity of his would-be thieves.

Detective Martin soon concluded that young Manwaring was in the scrape, too, and a few hours after his arrest the youth confessed and escorted the detective to his furnished room at No. 8 East Sixty-ninth street, where he saw a box for Mrs. Dwyer's diamonds.

Conlon's watch and another diamond which Manwaring said he had removed from his own mother's earring, substituting for it a bit of cut glass.

He was held in \$1,000 bail by Police Justice Murray yesterday to be examined this afternoon.

An Evening World reporter calling at the Yorkville Prison this morning found a smilingly dressed youth about to go in to see young Manwaring.

The greeting was of the languid type affected by the young men of fashion.

"How do, old man," said the prisoner, who seemed a double cell on the second tier and thrust his hand out toward the latticed iron door.

The visitor surveyed the prisoner with lively interest. Manwaring is a tall, thin, handsome young man of nineteen years. He has the fatal promise of a moustache and the fall, round eyes of a careless youth.

He was splendid white and black trousers, a fancy shirt rather hairy in style and a black cutaway of perfect fit and material.

"I'm pretty tough, old man," suggested the dapper visitor, still in admiring tones. "How is the hard side of a plank to sleep on?"

"Not half bad, either," returned Manwaring nonchalantly.

"I'm living like a lord, better than I do at the Manhattan Club, and I cost more, too. I'm paying \$5 a week. I have everything that money can buy."

The young man had said to the reporter that by advice of his lawyer he would say nothing about the charges against him, but now he said:

"I know Dolly Dwyer. She's about nineteen years old. We are engaged, but I shall neither affirm nor deny the charge that I stole my coming home-in-law's ring."

"I've heard to say I stole my mother's diamond, though. Why, I have my father's diamond, though, and my commission set about \$30 a week."

"How did I get into this scrape? I haven't the slightest idea."

"Do I play the racket? Now, say—ask a duck if he swam! Women?—now, I'll have to rest myself my lawyer, Peter J. Brady, for all information."

"No, the old man wouldn't let me out, but he and the old lady—everybody has been to see me."

"I don't know how I'll plead. My lawyer hasn't told me. I suppose if I plead guilty I'll be sent to the reformatory, and it will all depend on my conduct how long they keep me there."

"I don't know how I'll be treated with grief over this great trouble and refused to see a reporter."

At 10 P. M. Dwyer's Miss Dolly indignantly denied that she was engaged to marry David Manwaring. She met him at a party last December and had called on him several times since.

Dwyer said: "The Manwaring are very nice people. I am sorry for the poor fellow. When I met the case in the hands of the court, I was a black sheep. An only son, indolent by his mother—poor woman!"—and by the father.

William M. Manwaring, father of the youth, is in partnership with David Manwaring, the architect, at 100 Broadway, and at 251 Front and 251 Water street. They have great wealth in the city.

The police of the Tenth Precinct said they had nothing new to communicate. Supr. Reardon said that he had nothing to say to the press about David's departure. He complained about having been misquoted in some papers.

Mrs. Bristol said Reardon had even communicated with her on the subject. She said that she had been suddenly informed that Bristol had become suddenly insane, and sprung away his wife in order to make a fortune for her.

15,000 ACRES TO BE OPENED.

The Forfeited Land Grants of Railroad Companies in Iowa.

(Special to the Evening World.)

OCEAN GROVE, N. J., June 8.—The funeral of George Richard S. Harris, of Asbury Park, who died Sunday morning of hydrophobia, resulting from a bite which he received at the afternoon at 4 o'clock, at the First Methodist Church, of which the deceased man was a member.

The exercises will be conducted by Rev. John Hamilton, who was with Mr. Harris during the greater part of his illness. It was reported that Dr. J. M. Brown, of the Loomis Laboratory, would hold an autopsy on the body of the dead man, but he failed to appear.

The local physicians have not the necessary implements to make the post-mortem examination.

Sunk and Blocked the Canal.

The ballast sunk New York, with 200 tons of fertilizer material, exploded in Gowanus Canal this morning, and the canal was blocked and stopped navigation at that point.

William Barclay, of No. 30 South street, owned the schooner.

Blashed With a Razor.

Valentine Valentine and Paganio, Antonio, were prisoners at Harlem Police Court this morning for criminally assaulting Valentine, with a razor on Third Avenue, near 100th Street, and a 10th Street street betwixt 10th and 11th Street. The two men could not tell which one of them was the aggressor, but both were discharged.

A Pickpocket in Knickerbockers.

Twenty-year-old George H. Walter was today held for trial in Yorkville Court for picking a lady's pocket in a crowd near the managers in Central Park yesterday afternoon. He was released in the afternoon.

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MANWARING PLAYED RAGES.

But He Denies that It Led Him to Robbery.

A Talk with the Heir to Wealth in His Cell.

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Waists.

Blouse Waists for Boys and Girls, (sizes 4 to 14 years.)

\$1.45.

These waists are made of the finest imported flannels and were manufactured to sell at \$2.00, \$2.35, \$2.65, \$3.00 and \$3.35.

Lord & Taylor.

Broadway & 20th St.

United States Savings Bank, 1048 Third Ave., corner 62d St., New York, June 3, 1891.

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